ting room of his home, received a note from the hands of Divens, the butler, with the mesage that the writer waited at the front door. On reading the missive he orumpled it in his pooket, and without a word of explanation went down the stairs and out on the stoop, closing the door behind him. A half hour passed, and his wife, becoming alarmed, called to Divens to look for his master. The butler opened the door and Mr. Naxon's body fell into the hallway. A gash directly over the heart showed that he had been stabbed with a long, slender blade of the stiletto sort. The storm doors, drawn together, had prevented the observation of any passerby, while Divens was too badly scared to give any intelligent description of the victim, praising him for his exemplary life and many good works. It referred to his romantic marriage with Miss Evelyn Fayette, in the very hour of her great histrionic triumph as Juliet, which had been the sensation of the metropolis, a year before; and said that the only blood relatives surviving him were his son, Polk Naxon, a prominent as quick as the tow, how a life with the dividence of him to fit from the provise him were his son, Polk Naxon, a prominent member of the Turf Club, who had bachelor quarters out at Grammont Grove, and a brother residing in the Far West.

"Where there's a will there's a way," mused Abe Cronkite: "and when I know his will, per-

Abe Cronkite; "and when I know his will, per-

suggested Abe Cronkite "Eccles was frank and open with me there," mid the Judge: "he showed me an abstract of this will. By its terms there is a legacy of \$100. on to Rudolph Naxon, the only brother, reeiding out in Montana, and then two-thirds

of the estate goes absolutely to the widos and one-third to the son. Now, under the will I drew, there were specific legacies, amounting to a half million, to various charities, and the rest of the estate was divided equally between the widow and the son." Then, considering the great size of the es-

widow is the gainer by this change Surely: for the residuary estate itself i increased by \$400,000, while her share is proportionally one-sixth greater. But the whole will is incomprehensible to me. There was Ul-blood between the brothers, and they have not seen each other for years. Admitting bowever, that Mr. Naxon's heart might have softened toward Rudolph, why did he contemptuously cancel all those charitable be-quests; why did he break his word to his son?

"Did you see the widow this morning?" "No," replied the Judge bitterly, "she was too unnerved to see her husband's closest associate, though she had been in consultation with this new lawyer for an hour. By the Lord Harry, it does seem that as soon as a man establishes a reputation for sound and sober

ful fellow, whom I sometimes employ on secret inquiries."

"Oh, you twig, do you?" returned the other: "well, let him listen then with both ears. You don't for one moment suppose, do you, that I'm going to be choused out of a cold half million, just because my father was infatuated with a baby-faced girl from the Lord knows where, and with the reputation of the Lord knows what? Never on your life; you know what his intentions were; you know better he had any reasons to change them. I don't mind about poor Uncle Rudolph, I'd have braced him myself on account of his name; but first to make such an idiotic will, and then to be stuck like a pig in his own doorway! There's some connection there, Marcellus! Seek the woman, you know; look out for the one benefited. Why, I'll spend half my fortune to bring her to justice."

woman, you know; look out for the one benefited. Why, I'll spend half my fortune to bring her to justice."

"Then you suspect—"

"Of course, I suspect my steprnother and be damned to her. Who else knew about this change in her favor? You didn't, his confidential friend; I didn't, his only child. Who put him up to it, drugged him up to it, I believe, and then got him out of the way before he could come to his senses and right the great wrong? Who did all this? Why, the one with the strongest influence over him; the one nearest to him; the one with him on the last night of his life; the one with him on the last night of his life; the one with him on the last night of his life; the one who tells how he met his death; for his butter, mark you, is but a creature of hers in charge of her establishment, as she called it, before she was married. Don't you see anything strange, suspicious? Don't you think it odd that the most curious of women should have permitted her husband to meet a stranger at night, outside of the house, without even asking what the man wanted? Don't you think it unusual for a stiff, proud man, like my father, to be so submissive to such a summons? I do, and so does the District Attorney, and so does the Coroner, and they begin their investigations to morrow. But we should investigate on our own side, independently, to head them off in the Surrogate's Court. You are with me there, Judge? You maintain that your will is the last will and testament of James Naxon, deceased?" I consider it my duty so to do." replied Judge Marcellus, solemnly.

"Verv well, then; you will represent my interest, which is identical with your own as executor, and we must get a move on. The proposition is a plain one, it seems to me. Some one induced my father to make a will, which he was sure to revoke when in his right mind and free from undue influence; therefore, that some one killed him before such a condition should arise. Hence, it is essential for us to learn just how he was situated both before and after the executi

rollus.

"Yours to command, sir," said the detective, as he picked up his hat and left the office.

Abe Cronkite walked slowly along the street with head bowed in thought. He had not shared in the suspicion of his patron or the bolder the suspicion of his patron or the bolder rusation of Mr. Naxon, both of which seemed

prince."
Tell me all about it, Shorty, said Cronkite Abe Cronkite: "and when I know his will, perhaps I can see my way."

Judge Marcellus returned, excited, perturbed. "A most extraordinary thing," he began at once. "I arrived at the house only to find myself superseded by Eccles of Macron & Eccles, you know, who was in charge under authority of a later will, made only two days ago. Of course, I've no fault to find with him, no lawyer would miss such a chance, and he's perfectly honest, though not the wisest man in the world; but why, oh, why, should James Naxon have descrited an old and tried friend for a stranger; why, should he have hastily changed the result of his most deliberate judgment?"

"The answer lies in the new will, I reckon," suggested Abe Cronkite.

"I know y'are, Abe, but it goes to the pit of me stomnick to t'ink of it ag'in. How-somedever, seein! It's you, here goes. I was somedever, seein! It's you, here goes. I was to meet a sound but the fall of these brogans. Wan house, 'specially, lukked done up in inwistible conting, so it did, the curtings all down, the storm dures drawed close. Whin upstairs isn't hum to see, downstairs may more the gin rous be, says I, a breakin' into vuss, as I sometimes does. So down I ducked into the agriculture, there were destricted in the storm dures drawed mesell up. A man kein out of the dures, closed thim salftly togedder, and thin shot down and t'roo the side street like a shadder past the bumpers. I seen his face, while persuasively. "You know I'm straight goods."

"I know y'are, Abe, but it goes to the pit of me stomnick to t'ink of it ag'in. How-somedever, seein! It's you, here goes. I was somedever, seein! I thin shot down and troo the side street like a shadder past the bumpers. I seen his face, though, plain enough, clus shaved, white and the laws shet desprit tight; and, thin, I lights up the stoop to see what he left cehind. Gord A'mighty, Abe, it was hisself he had left, a layin' there all bloody and dead, with that same white face a blinkin' up at me, clus shaved and the Jaws shet desprit tight! An'an'— it must have been his ghost I seen, a slippin' down the stoop and t'roo the side street like mad! I give a groan, a babby wan it were beside his'n, an' I too scooted for dear life, niver drawin' a full breath till I landed on this idintical binch. An' do you t'ink it puts the everlastin' kerbosh on me. Abe, do you t'ink I'm called?"

"Oh, no, Shorty," replied the detective kindly, "you are proof against all the evils of wealth. Go back and forget all about it, with

kite rapidly retraced the steps he had so deliberately taken an hour before.

"Why did the two brothers quarrel?" asked Abe abruptly, as he entered the private office where Judge Marcellus and Polk Naxon were still in consultation.

"It's an old story," replied the Judge, "and i don't see why you seek to revive it now; but giving you credit for some good reason, I will say briefly that when they were young men together the two brothers were as like as peas from the same pod, and that Rudolph took advantage of this resemblance to play a scurvy trick on James, which came near wrecking the happiness of the latter's betrothed wife, the mother of Mr. Polk Naxon, now present. But why do you ask?" why do you ask?"
"Yes, why do you ask?" repeated Polk Naxon

with a scowl.

And then the detective told them why.

"Impossible," shouted Polk Naxon, "why
the only time I ever saw Uncle Rudolph, he
were a full beard, while father's face was

wore a full beard, while father's face was smooth.

"So much the better for him," said Cronkite quietly, "a beard can be shaved, and then, after the job requiring a smooth face has been finished, a false beard can be worn; and a man so altering and resuming his normal appearance might thus escape all suspicion.

"Highly improbable," commented the old lawyer: "Rudolph Naxon has been the head of the Montana Amalgamating Company for years; and is I should say, in very easy circumstances."

"All the more reason," replied Cronkite, "why he might resort to some such desperate deed, if threatened with disaster in his old age. You have the commercial reports; suppose you just look up the stading of this company."

pany."
"But would not Eccles have noticed the difference at once?" asked Polk Naxon be-

But would not Eccles have noticed the difference at once?" asked Polk Naxon bewilderedly.

"No," answered the Judge, pausing in his search, "Eccles knew your father but slightly, and unless Rudolph has changed greatly he could successfully carry off such an imposition. I must admit, too, that the will Eccles drew is about what Rudolph, with his imperfect knowledge, would fancy to be natural and acceptable to all concerned."

"But the decoy note my father thrust into his pocket without explaining; what was it, and where is it?"

"Of course there's no telling what it was," replied Abe Cronkite, "though who would know hetter what sort of note to write to bring your father to the door in silence than his own brother. Perhaps it offered an explanation of that old trouble between them, and in that case your father might well have hesitated to say anything about it to his second wife. But, in any event, the first impulse of the assassin, whoever he was, would be to recover so dangerous a piece of evidence; and this he doubtless did as soon as the deed was done.

"Ah," interrupted Judge Marcellus, "here is a report that the Amalgamating Company is hopelessly insolvent and in the hands of a receiver."

"Damnation," cried Polk Naxon: "If this be so, and that infernal villain murdered my poor father, where is he? Shall he escape while we sit here conjuring up conjectures instead of putting the police on his tracks?"

"That's hardly necessary," said Abe Cronkite, "when his whole motive must have been to gain the \$100,000 legacy. He probably hurried out of town to some safe point where he could fix himself up in a false beard and establish an alibit but he's sure to show up after it—

Here there was a rap on the door and a messenger entered with a despatch. It was dated at Chicago and read as follows:

"Have just heard of my brother's awful fate; will be with you to-morrow.

"Etook. Shorty," said Abe Cronkite, "and tell me whether there is any one here you ever saw before."

The following afternoon when Judge Marcellus sat

y the door.
"Look, Shorty," said Abe Cronkite, " and tell me whether there is any one here you ever saw before."

"Nope," replied Shorty, "I niver put peepers on eeder of thim two blokes, s'help me."

"Look again," continued Abe, as the third man, springing forward, snatched with one hand at the stranger's face, while he covered him with a revolver in the other, "look again, Shorty."

"Gord A'mighty," whispered Shorty, with bulging eyes, "It's the ghost; it's the ghost!"

A GHOST SEEN BY SHORTY.

ARE CONNETTE ORTS A CLUE TO A CHIEF TO THE CONTROLL AND ALTERNATE ORTS A CLUE TO THE CONTROLL AND ALTERNATION AND ALTER

found between Green Bay and the Mississippl River. When pike, pickerel, bass and "musky refuse to strike, it is worth the money to hear him in unmodulated voice drone on of the way in which they have bitten in the past and doubtless will bite again. His language is simple and direct, unadorned with the graces of rhetoric, unmarred by the crimpings of grammar, the unfettered, free expressive tongue of the wilderness, the birch bark shack

and the logging camp.
"Talking about fishing," said Fergy, the other man not having spoken for half an hour, "talking about fishing and the funny things a man sees sometimes when his eyes ain't shut, reminds me of a time when I got tired of loafing round Boyd's Hotel and wanted to do a do on my own reel. I go down to Long Lake and dump myself into a piroog and I go across and pike along out into the woods. I pike for 550 yards straight as a teal flies when it means business and I run bang against a little lake I never seen before in my life. It laid there among the trees and the alder bushes like a looking glass, not more'n a acre, and I wanter to say that it was broke from end to end with ripples made by the small-mouth bass.

They was two million of 'em, or maybe they was three million, an' it was pretty enough to make a man keep away from whiskey and the gals forever and ever amen. I dug my hands into my pockets and I didn't have no more bait than would catch a starvin' minner in a wash bowl. I thought hard for three and a quarter minutes and then I out with the tail of my red flannel shirt and tore off a hunk big enough to wrap a penknife in. I didn't need that much, but I wanted fish and the other guides had plenty of shirts and we all bunked in the same cabin. Now, a little piece of red flannel ain't the most eatful thing in the world, but, say, them fish was crazy for it. It hadn't touched the water when twenty-three of 'em made a dash for it and one of 'em that weighed four and a quarter pounds got it right in the left gill. Then begin the dadbingedest hurroosh what ever.

"The line was in the air most of the time going in or coming out, and many a time a fish would meet the flannel two and a half feet above the water. I'd reef it into him the second he struck: he'd be hooked by the time his tail touched the lake, and I leave the decome in ruple multiplying so fast that he'd come in ruple multiplying so fast that he'd come in ruple maybe his flukes, with maybe his hind again. I touched the lake; and I jerked that old quadrupie multiplying so has that he d cone in standing on his lukes, with maybe his hind fin just tipping the water now and again. I never see such fish. Nobody never did. I catched sixty-one red-eyed bass in sixty minutes flat. Then my right arm was so tired that I had to lift on the string with my left hand

minutes hat. Inen my right arm was so tired that I had to lift on the string with my left hand and paddle home with that hand, too. I aint certain but what they was sixty-two, but Antoine Garashar come down to the boat to meet me at the hotel landing and he was the worst dish thief that ever made a track big enough for two fair-sized men. He was drowned last year logging on the Flambeau, and I aint much doubt that some meat was on his bones made by one of them red-eyes. That catch weighed by one of them red-eyes. That catch weighed his pounds it ounces, and they wan't a big mouth in the bunch.

Fergy has never read Dean Swift and is unaware of the great doctor's habit of reenforcing his yarns by the use of minutie, measuring a washbowl of the Brobdingnagians by the dome of St. Paul's and so forth, but he has the genius for detail that marks the accomplished prevaricator and backs his statements with such wealth of little things that the listener is forced into mute acquiescence, if not into

dome of St. Paul's and so forth, but he has the genius for detail that marks the accomplished prevaricator and backs his statements with such wealth of little things that the listener is forced into mute acquiescence, if not into outspoken belief.

"The meanest guide I ever bumped agin," he went on, "was Aleck Hume. He was a Scotchman, with French blood in him and a dash of Leech Lake Indian. I don't know where you'd go to find a meaner cross than that. It was his graindmother on the mother's side that give him the Indian tinge and he got the French from his fathers's grandmother. He smoked my tobacker and broke my pipe and told the guests at the hotel that I w'n't no good. One day on Pickerel Lake me and my man was down the shore, 260 yards from us. Aleck had the bait bucket half full of frogs sitting behind him and his man was in the stern. I can outswim any fish that ever jumped a lily pad to reach a June bug when I try, and I said nothing to my man. I just went over the side without making a splash and slipped under the water. The distance was 195 yards and there was a big ruffle on from the wind. I got a good start about eight feet under and I come up just behind Aleck as true as a pair. Say, you couldn't a heard a ripple. I put my hand over the gunwale, lifted the frog bucket went under again and the next thing I saw I was on the far side of my own boat, holding up the frogs for my man to see. Say, I thought he d roll off the seat.

"Coming back was a little harder than going. I was afraid to take too deep a breath; Aleck might a heard me. In a little while his man lost the frog on his hook. They said it was a weedless hook, but it got caught in the pads, just the same. They sint no weedless hook sure enough, except one I made, and I'm trying to get a patent on it. Well, the langwidge that went over that lake when that man arsked that guide for the mas as sober as any dude that ever come out of Chicago and his man said that Aleck was a liar. Then Aleck got suiky and turned the boat round and made for the

heve me when I tell you that it had thirty-three porkypine quills sticking in it, just like little arrers. I never see anything like that before, and I hung around for a hour waiting to see some more. I knowed the porkys was up to something. Bimeby I see two come out of the woods, waddle up to the tree and then waddle away from it about two yard. I measured the distance afterward, and it was six feet, two inches.

inches.

"They looked at one another a minute and seemed to be arguing about something. They was just plain black porkypines, and I see that their quils was thinner than they oughter been. Finally one of 'em switches hisself around until he was broadside to the tree, give hisself a little jerk and a quill went flying and stuck in the tree, a half inch above the blaze and a quarter inch to the left. The other one sorter snickered, took his posish and landed inside the blaze, a inch below the centre. They was snooting at a mark—that's what they was doing—but what they had bet on it I don't know, and if I knew I would not tell, as the song says.

The first one, which was the blazest, looked sorter mad and tried another shot. He got pretty close to the centre, but the other one beat him with a bullseye. They tried another shot aplece, but the little one won again. He sorter danced about on two legs for a minute or two,

The little one looked at him for awhile, then he went over and looked at the mark they had been shooting at. He sorter sized up the posish of the quils sticking in it, and then he went away.

"I could al-killed him with a club, but I didn't have the heart to do it. He sure was a game little fighter. When that fight ended them two porkys didn't have a dozen quills apiece on 'emitted fighter. When that fight ended them two porkys didn't have a dozen quills apiece on 'emitater ammunition reefing the sharp pints into each other. The one that lived looked like he had been in a wind that blowed his quills the wrong ways, and the other one what was dead just bristled with 'em. It aln't no use for folks to tell me a porky cain't throw his quills, because I see 'em do it and do it mighty accurate. Ef I could shoot as straight according to my size. I wouldn't have to guide nobody for a living. The dead one weighed 5 pounds and 3 ounces.

"And talking about hass and porkypines, I see some loons do a funny trick once. I was over on Livile Price Lake trying for some Colfornia trout the fool Gover ment put in there to feed the muskies 'bout five yearsago. They's lots of loons on Little Price because of the small fish in it. I was late starting back and twilight had got plumb into moonlight afore I took up my anchor. Just then I heard a splash and about a hundred and ten yards away I see a loon come swooshing down and hit the water kerblop. He gave the signal cry and another and another came in until I counted eighteen of 'em. swimming around in a circle.

"Then the first one raised his head and made a long cry and the others took it up in chorus. They swum slowly round and round and kept up their crying. It sounded like a sorter lond along any and another and another order in the middle, and the others took it up in chorus. They swum slowly round and around and kept up their crying. It sounded like a sorter lond squalling match to me at first, but pretty soon I began to pick out the diffrunt notes. One feller'd squall 'way d

quick or slow, in time to the music, and ever now and then he'd rise almost clear of th water and stretch his wings like he was yawn

The man in the stern of the boat said that he did not think the bass would bite at all that day, and Fergy said they never hit when the water was still and the sun was shining, unless a fellow could get a piece of young fawn for bait—a piece weighing three and a quarter ounces for preference. The man in the stern filled his pipe with plug cut, lit it, looked at his guide and asked him if he had heard any wheels going round when in bed the night before. Fergy said promptly that he had, that it was the windmill used for pumping water at the little woods hotel and that the windmill was 5 feet 8 inches in diameter. Then they went slowly homeward.

THE GRASSHOPPER'S ENEMY. Benefits Conferred by the Blister Beetle on Farmers in the Middle West.

In the course of a few years it may be that the pests of grasshoppers that devastate the crops in the Middle West may be destroyed through the agency of another insect. This insect is the blister beetle, varieties of which are found in many parts of the country. Formerly the blister beetle was regarded as a plant pest by entomologists because of its destruction of beet plants; but it is now found that the lively little shellback has a great fondness for grasshoppers and destroys them in

large quantities. Department of the Michigan State Agricultural College, Rufus H. Pettit gives the re-sult of his observations of the blister beetle that is common in that locality, Epicauta cinerea In Michigan the beetle appears in the latter half of July and is numerous during August and September. It attacks the sugar beet and eats the leaves, often causing severe damage to the plants. But there is a strong case for the defence. Mr. Pettit writes:

"All this looks very bad; but when we in quire into the early history of the insect, we find a very good record which helps us materially to forgive a part of the later depredation. The young blister beetle of the varition. The young blister beetle of the varieties noticed here, passes his larval stage in the egg pod of one of the grasshoppers, devouring usually from thirty to forty eggs, after which he burrows a short distance into the ground, passes through the pupal stage, and comes out ready to collect pay of the farmer. All the common blister beetles of this region, except the steel blue one (Melos), have this beneficial habit, so when we see a blister beetle eating our crops we may be certain that he represents from twenty-five to forty grasshoppers literally nipped in the bud."

In this State the variety of blister beetle that is common is the golden-rod beetle, Epicauta pennsylvanica. It is very common in the fall about the clusters of golden rod and with its tiger stripes, looks when in flight not unlike the yellow-jacket. Its flight is far more clumsy, however, than that of that painful and vicious little hornet and it is not poisonous. What damage it does is inconsiderable hereabouts, except to the grasshoppers. Entomologists believe that the culture of these insects in large numbers in States afflicted by grasshopper swarms would decimate the grasshopper armies before they ever crawled out to march, and it is probable that the experiment will be made on a large scale soon. There is always the chance of the beetle developing into a destructive pest itself, but even so it is much more easily controlled than a grasshopper army as it is not as hardy as the grasshopper and succumbs readily to poison. A spray of parts green and lime kills the beetle. Unless it appears in great numbers, however, it is unwise to adopt destructive methods as it is a veritable savior of general crops on its record as a grasshopper killer. eties noticed here, passes his larval stage in

From the Chicago Inter Ocean. From the Chicago Inter Ocean.

A letter came to the post office from Germany a few days ago addressed to "Edward Baumgartner, Gunzen, Illinois, Street 1515 Iheio." This was an enizma for most of the clerks and they tossed the envelope from one to another for a possible solution of the address. Finally one of the employees marked the letter ("Quincy" and threw the letter in the pouch for that city. A few days later an acknowledgment came from the postmaster of Quincy, Ill., who said the letter had been properly delivered to Mr. Baumgartner at No. 1515 Ohio street in that town.

When an advertiser has something of value to dispose of, he first goes to THE 8 advertising columns with it—Ade.

OUR JOCKEYS IN ENGLAND. CAUSES OF THE SUCCESS OF SLOAN ON BRITISH TRACKS.

English Jockeys to Cling to Old Traditions-The New Lesson to Be Learned. According to the official statistics, Sloan, the American jockey now in Europe, has ridden 3 per cent. of winning mounts and the British public is amazed. That Sloan is a good jockey. possibly one of the best, if not the best nov iding, is an accepted fact, but that the 23 per ent. of winning mounts should evoke such

enthusiasm is strange to American turfmen.

In the first place it is no more than severa boys at home are doing at the present time. in the next place it does not approach Sloan's American record, or that of Griffin, Taral, Sims. and many others, in past years. What therefore is the standard expected from the leading English jockeys? At the present time the record of Shaw on the metropolitan tracks is 25 1-3 per cent. of winning mounts, and he is neophyte just graduated from the winter tracks. At Morris Park, the opening meeting of the important tracks this spring. Shaw rode seven winners in thirty mounts. This he followed with six winners in twenty-nine mounts at Gravesend, and this with thirteen winner n forty-four mounts at the Sheepshead meeting ust closed. This makes his record to date twenty-six wins in 103 mounts, or 25 1-8 per cent. He is not alone. Turner comes next with 24 per cent. He had eight wins in thirtysix mounts at Morris Park, nine wins in twentyfive mounts at Gravesend, and nine wins in forty-six mounts at Sheepshead, or twentysix wins in 107 mounts or 24 per cent. These ere the leaders this season so far, but they are closely run by Maher who rode fifteen winners n fifty-six mounts at Morris Park, ten winners n fifty-five mounts at Gravesend and eight winners in sixty mounts at Sheepshead, a total of thirty-three wins in 169 mounts or 20 per cent. Spencer lands at the same notch, having ridden eight winners in thirty-six mounts at Morris Park, eight winners in thirty-two mounts at Gravesend and seven winners in forty mounts at Sheepshead, a total of twentyhree winners in 114 mounts, or 20 per cent These two boys may be expected to improve right along in their averages. In 1899 Maher had 21 per cent. and in 1898 . 29 per cent., while Spencer, in 1899, had 22 per cent, and in 1898 close to 20 per cent. This season, since Jan. 1, counting in the winter tracks, Mitchell has idden 538 races and won 136 of them, this being 25 per cent. At the metropolitan tracks he has not been so fortunate, being pitted against better talent, and his record there is at Morris Park, seven wins in forty-one mounts, at Gravesend seven wins in forty-nine mounts, and at Sheepshead four wins in twenty-four mounts; this being eighteen wins in 114 mounts

or not quite 16 per cent. Statistics are said to be more or less dry reading, but surely there is an interesting kernel in these facts which makes one wish for a glance at the corresponding data of the English jockeys for the sake of comparison. This, however as far as the writer is informed on the matter.

now and then he'd rise almost clear of the water and stretch his wings like he was yawning and the music was so good it made him lazy. Finally I noticed that when his bill went down each time it'd stay a little longer and seemed heavier when it come up.

"Then, toward the last, all of the loons joined in the leading of the quartette. I never heard a slower or more sadsome tune. It almost made me cry, because I begin to see what this was all about. Onct a feller told me about the song of the dying swan. I see a many swans die; I shot a many of 'em myself; but I never hear 'em sing none. Here, though, was a loon deathbed and this was the loon hymn they sing when one of 'em's gotter go. The music got slower and more sadlise and the old loon in the middle finerly couldn't get his bill up at all. Then he gave a last kind wiggle with his tail, sorter turned to one side and galadsome for a bit, then they raise all at once and fly away just as noiseless and swift as spooks. I counted 'em agin when they left and they was just seventeen of 'em.

"The dead one floated for a minute or two, but when I started toward him to pick him up and see what was the matter with him a big musky rose under him with his bull head pointing straight up. I see his jaws open and floated for a minute or two, but when I started toward him to pick him up and see what was the matter with him a big musky rose under him with his bull head pointing straight up. I see his jaws open and that was the last of Mr. Loon. That musky took him down like he weren't no bigger'n a half-growed teal. I wanter say I was mighty took him down like he weren't no bigger'n a half-growed teal. I wanter say I was mighty took him down like he weren't no bigger'n a half-growed teal. I wanter say I was mighty of the water every snatch at the oars."

The man in the stern of the boat said that he did not think the bass would bite at all that day, and Fergy said, they would bite at all that day, and Fergy said, they would bite at all that day, and Fergy said, they would bite

His Record Which Amazes the British Public Not Phenomenal Over Here-Fashion of

and could obey orders; he was quick, alert, none better on a free running horse, and had the same crouching seat, far forward over the horse's shoulders, and although he was at first ridiculed as Sims had been, he won his races and England went crazy over his success. What is the secret? American trainers have answered—the difference in training methods. Yet the English trainers are undoubtedly great trainers, producing grand animals, making fine records in their performances. They are also smart business men. All this must be admitted. They appear to know pretty well what a horse can do, and, giving a jockey riding orders, expect to be obeyed.

Authorities in England state that the greatest difficulty trainers have had for years has been the obtaining of decent jockeys; that the material at hand has been wooden and thickheaded, devoid of the slighest trace of originality, and that for years every race from five furlongs and upward has been run on stereotyped lines. The start once made, all rode a waiting horse until the last half furlong, when every one sat down to ride a terrific finish and win by as narrow a margin as possible. In other words, distance races were robbed of their value, and sprint races practically cut in half, simply because of the dyed-in-the-wood intention of the English jockey to live up to the tradition that the acme of jockeyship was to win by a short head with seven pounds up his sleeve. This was heartbreaking to trainers who saw race after race thrown away by a fool boy holding back a free running horse, say, like Firearm or old Pontiac in days gone by, just to make a grand-stand finish possible, irrespective of what the effect might be on the horse's chances for success.

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spective of what the effect might be on the horse's chances for success.

Just at this moment Sloan appeared. The English trainers were not asleep. They saw he was not spoiled by adulation. Ac., as some prominent English jockeys appeared to be: they knew he had come over to win out if possible, and they knew what his record here was, so they were willing enough to give him the needed trial. He was brighter than the rank and file at command, he was ready to take chances in a tight place, and he obeyed orders implicitly, with sense enough to use his own judgment in unforeseen happenings. His mission was to wio, whether by twenty inches or by twenty lengths was not important. Sloan did not pull his mount around, spolling pace and stride and nullifying the advantages of the start, and when told that a horse could do so and so, he did not at once try to make it do something diametrically opposite for thesake of a grandstand finish. By the most open and artistic work, he won with mounts which it had been acknowledged would have been losers in the hands of even the best of the English boys and he has repeatedly snatched failure and turned it into victors at the last stride.

The truth is that his success seems to be explained by the tendency of Americans to seek progress constantly. While the English jockey has remained true to tradition, the American has dug around and evolved new methods for himself. Fifteen, twenty years ago, it was the era of the long-legged jockey, the one who could wran his legs round his horse, if need he, and lock toes under the girths. That was the day of the English Archer, the American has dug around and others like them. The shortlegged jockeys had to stand down and look on for awhile. To-day the long-legged one has vanished and the less leg the better. The stirrups are brought up until the knees are level with the pommel, the thighs of the rider are practically horizontal, the hody is bowed forward over them and with the resistance to the wind reduced to a minimum the entire weight of the

Them by Its Employees.

From the Chicago Tribune

CIGARETTES UNDER A BAN

There is no place in the service of the Chicago. Rock Island and Pacific road for the cigarette smoker. An embargo has been put upon those addicted to the habit. It will be the policy of the system that no person who smokes the weed will be employed, and those who are now in the road's service and who are cigarette smokers will be given the option of quitting the one or the other. It is not the disposi-tion of the executive officers to temporize of the question. The edict has been made and will be strenuously enforced. This is the first time that a railroad company has adopted such a course against the cigarette. That the experiment will be eagerly watched by other lines has already been manifested, for other roads are contemplating the same action should this prove a success. So far the results have been encouraging, considering the fact that the new order of things has only been in effect a few weeks. All who apply for positions on the road are asked if they are addicted to the cigarette habit, and if the applicants answer in the affirmative their applications are consigned to the waste basket. Though no general order has been issued by the road with reference to the matter, if has been tacility agreed upon by the events. by other lines has already been manifested.

Though no general order has been issued by the road with reference to the matter, it has been tacitiv agreed upon by the executive officers to make the test of an applicant on this question, and no matter how proficient he may be in railroading, if he uses the objectionable cigarette, he cannot break into the Rock Island's service with a crowbar. At the foot of every application blank issued by the road there is printed in a rubber stamp this question. "Do you smoke cigarettes?" The addition was made about a week ago. Prior to that time and since the adoption of the rule the examining physicians and others who are connected with the examination of the applicants merely put the question verbally to the person seeking employment in the service.

"We want to discourage cigarette smoking among our nen," said President W. G. Purdy in discussing the action. "(Igarette smoking is a vicious habit, and tends to befog the mind and makes one listless and careless in the discharge of his duties. Experience has shown that the confirmed cigarette user is sleepy and of no account: he becomes irresponsible and lazy. In the railroad business, and especially among the trainmen, it requires a clear brain to discharge the responsibilities. The Rock Island road will employ the best men obtainable, men strong of body and head, for the work exacts much and absolutely requires sound persons. We are always looking to the improvement of the service, and I believe that the action taken with reference to the poisonous cigarette will accomplish a good purpose."

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General Supt. A. J. Hitt was the first to tackle this problem. It was he who suggested the solution of it so far as it related to the railroad, and this suggestion came to him after a long study of the effect of the vicious weed upon the human system, augmented, of course, by the judgment of the most eminent physicians in declaring the cigarette to be injurious. Some weeks ago Supt. Hitt was in company with Supts. Stillwell and Hobbs, of other divisions of the Rock Island system. They were investigating the actions of an employee

weeks ago Supt. Hitt was in company with Supts. Stillwell and Hobbs, of other divisions of the Rock Island system. They were investigating the actions of an employee of the road with reference to a matter which was under consideration at the time, when they overheard a conversation between two other employees commenting upon the same question. The latter were censuring the man who was under investigation. In the course of the discussion one of them remarked that the fault of the whole business was due to cigarette smoking and that the man in question was a confirmed cigarette fiend.

The comment impressed Supt. Hitt, and he made comment upon it to the other two officials. They then discussed the matter with the result that a week latter the embargo on cigarette smokers was placed and instructions were so issued verbally to the superintendents and physicians who examined applicants for employment. It was also made retroactive, so as to cover those who are already in the service. These will be given the opportunity to quit the cigarette or the road. Since none have resigned for this cause, it is presumed that many have quit the cigarette. Just how many users of the weed there were on the system the officials were unable to say. They ventured a statement that there were comparatively few among the 12,000 in the entire service.

"Though the rule has only been in effect a short time," said General Supt. Hitt, "there has, we believe, been some perceptible result. When an application is filed and the applicant makes an affirmative answer to the question whether he smokes cigarettes or not his paper is not given a moment's consideration. We are always looking for a chance to improve the service even in the smallest things, and are quick to adopt a means to accomplish that end. There is no doubt that the use of the cigarette unfits a man in a measure for work. My observation, as well as the opinions of eminent physicians, has convinced me the cigarette vitiates a man's capacity. It enervates him, renders him listless an

From the Boston Evening Transcript

Harry—When I asked her if she would be mine, she fell on my breast and sobbed like a child, but finally she put her arms around my neck and whispered that she was so happy.

Harriet—Yes, that is what she told me she was going to do. She has been practising it with Cousin Tom for ever and ever so long.

NEW SODA WATER DRINKS. SUNDAY A FAVORITE FROM THE WEST WITH MANY NAMES.

Chocolate Ice Cream Soda Still the Staple With Women-More and More Lem-onade Drunk-Mint Phosphate New and Satisfying A New Orleans Delicacy, The soda fountains are in the heyday of their summer popularity, but there is a change in their patronage The corner drug store is the rendezvous now, and the downtown places miss the matinée girl, with money to burn and a burning thirst. The matinée girl is drinking soda water at the seashore, or in the mountains, or if, by unlucky chance, she is spending the summer in the city, she has found some place near her uptown home, where she can get good soda, and she has educated the soda water dispenser of that particular place, into an understanding of her peculiar taste. Less aristocratic maidens and perspiring shoppers of all ages, de patro ize the downtown soda fountains lavishly; but it is the man who is the main stay of the soda water business in New York at this season.

The men aren't very strong on ice creams soda. They count the fact unto themselves for righteousness; but, in reality, it isn't a matter of principle. A man will experiment with Welsh rabbits and other unholy concoctions. in the wee sma' hours, without the slightest consideration for his stomach. He draws the line at ice cream soda, not because, as he tion, but merely because he doesn't like it. Most of man's morality may be traced to that same excellent basis. The men drink phosphates and lemonades, and call for bromo seltzers with suspicious fervor; and take kindly to calisava and kola and other pick-me-ups, which seem to be bibulous postscripts, rather

calisaya and kola and other pick-me-ups, which seem to be bibulous postscripts, rather than squaredrinks. Then too, the men are addicted to soda that must be drunk in seclusion, in order to obtain its true flavor, and whose consumption requires retirement behind closed doors. When soda of this variety is, on rare occasions, sold over the counter, and drunk in the open, the drinker's face assumes an expression of satisfaction and weil being, beside which the ice cream soda expression of the matinée girl is sullen.

There is, apparently, no feminine wink that corresponds to the masculi e drug store wink, although the perennial tastes of hard drinking among New York women would lead one to look for such a development.

"The fact is," said a soda water clerk who was questioned about the matter, "you couldn't trust a woman or tell when she would make a break and give the whole thing away. We've had plenty of women come in and buy a little bottle of whiskey or brandy, at the other counter, and then walk over here, get a plain soda, and drink the two together. That's one way of getting around the difficulty.

Coca wine, calisaya and ginger are favorited with women, who in this day of nerve tension show a deplorable tendency to depend upon stimulants, in order to keep going; and, on one day, last week, in a pharmacy, noted for its soda fountain, forty-two glasses of brome seltzer were sold to one drink of any other kind at the soda fountains. Strawberry ice cream soda is a good second, and after those two,

that chocolate ice cream soda is still the staple article of diet. Twenty chocolate ice creams sodas are sold to one drink of any other kind at the soda fountains. Strawberry ice creams soda is a good second, and after those two, come the rank and file, with seltzer lemonade making a fair run for place. It seems, according to expert testimony, that more lemonade is being sold at the soda fountains this season than ever before. The sellers do not pretend to explain it. That is a problem for the philosopher. Perhaps the American public, in spite of anti-imperialist testimony to the contrary, is growing wise with age. Buck wheat cakes are languishing: and, if iemonade supplants ice cream soda, dyspepsia may have to seek fresh fields and pastures new.

To offset the rational lemonade tendency, there are innumerable signs of persistent depravity. Lemonade is the fashionable drink, but the young thing who will be in the swim, and yet considers it a departure from principle and precedent to drink anything wholesome, appeases her conscience by having vanilla locream put in her lemonade.

"It began just about a month ago," said a clerk at the most popular soda fountain in the city. "I don't know who started it, but all of a sudden the fad was here, and the girls were cailing for lemonade with ice cream in it. We were worried at first,—thought the girls would be sick before they could get out of the shop and would make a sort of McGurk's of the place—but bless you, it seemed to agree with them. The same girls come back for the drink day after day, and don't show any signs of ill health, so we've stopped worrying."

"What's a Sunday?" asked The Sun reporter searching for light on feminine taste.

"A Sunday? Well, that's something that started in Chicago; but every town has a different name for it. It's only ice cream with fruit syrup poured over it, but it has more names than a Spanish baby. The girls call it Sunday and White Wings and Hobson and Sunshine and Devey. Now, whenever any one comes in and asks for something we The Rock Island Railroad Bars the Use of

ferent name for it. It's only ice cream with fruit syrup poured over it but it has more names than a Spanish baby. The girls call it Sunday and White Wings and Hobson and Sunshine and Dewey. Now, whenever any one comes in and asks for something we never heard of, we serve a Sunday, and nine times out of ten it's the right thing."

Café frappé and the frappé are having an unusual popularity this summer, and are sold at most of the soda fountains. There should be no soda in them, but iced coffee or tea is sugared, creamed and served in a long glass with two or three inches of whipped cream at the top. Mint phosphate is a new thing absome of the soda fountains. To any one who has known the delectable mint Julep, mint phosphate is a hollow mockery, suggesting but not fulfilling Elysian possibilities. Still, leaving mint julep out of the question, the phosphate deserves a good word on its own merit. It is made by mixing plain phosphate and, presumably, crème de menthe, though about that crème de menthe the discreet clerk maintains a cheerful silence. The mixture is put in a claret cup glass full of cracked ice, a slice of lemon is added, and a handful of fresh mint sprays is bruised and tucked into the top of the glass. The drink looks deliciously cooksounds cool, is cool, and is eminently worth considering on a torrid day. Yet it can be drunk in the odor of sanctity surrounding the soda fountain where winks are of no avail.

It seems rather an odd thing that no enterprising New Yorker has imported the soda fountain receipts were falling off, he sat himself down and evolved a new idea. Delicious little nutmeg melons are cultivated near New Orleans. The drugslst bought a case of them, opened the legitimate soda water business seemed to be languishing, and the druggist's fountain receipts were falling off, he sat himself down and evolved a new idea. Delicious little nutmeg melons are cultivated near New Orleans. The druggist bought a case of them, opened the melons, scraped out the seeds, filled the hollows with vanil

From the Washington Evening Star. "The quetzal, Guatemala's bird of freedom," said Col. T. G. Stuart of Kentucky, who has recently returned from Mexico, "can beat the American eagle hands down on the score of plumage. It is indeed a most gorgeous bird. with a neck glittering in iridescent splendor and brilliant five-pronged tail that makes the rain-

a brilliant five-pronged tail that makes the rainbow hunt a dark corner.

"Its head is like that of a parrot, with a powerful and peculiar shaped bill and its cry is likened
to the word libertad, which means liberty. The
quetzal adorns the coins, coat-of-arms and other
Guatemalan Insignia, and the bird is held in the
greatest esteem by all Guatemalans, and to kill
or capture it is akin to treason. One day I
was talking to my friend, Signor Villejas about
the quetzal and some of the traditions concerning it, and asked him if it were really the national law of Guatemala that the bird could not
be captured.

"'Sl, signor, si,' he replied earnestly. 'It is
not only ze national law of Guatemala, but it is
ze national law of ze quetzals—of ze birds zemselves, zey will not live in ze cage. When ze
man capture ze quetzal, which is not often, and
put ze bird in ze cage, he utters once ze warning
cry "Libertad" and if ze man at once do not
atone for ze insult to ze bird and release him he
once more utters ze warning cry, "Libertad."
Zen if ze man do not let him zo he takes hold of
ze bars of ze cage with his peculiar bill and
among the bars on the other side, he breaks his
beautiful neck with a twist and crushes his
broken heart. Ze bird will not live in ze cage.

From the Philadelphia Press.

The ghastly rider on the white horse stopped at the gate.
"I am Death," he said to the sick man who "You are welcome," replied the latter, and added, in a whisper: If you value your ife, don't let my wife see you tring your horse to that tree. She'd never let anybody do that.